ESSAY

UPON THE

KING'S FRIENDS.

[Price One Shilling.]

AN
ESSAY
UPON THE
KING'S FRIENDS,
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME
DISCOVERIES
MADE IN
ITALY,
And found in a VIRGIL,
CONCERNING THE
TORIES.

To Dr. S-----l J-----n.

Locus eſt et pluribus umbris.

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MDCCLXXVI.

TO

Dr. SAMUEL J-----N.

SIR,

MONTAIGNE wrote an eſſay upon ſome verſes in Virgil, and Virgil was neither better nor worſe for it. The friends of his King, who generally ſpeaking, were the community at large, never fared worſe than in thoſe days, but they fared better for his eſſay. If Virgil is better for mine, and the friends of *my* King, who never fared ſo well as in theſe days, are no worſe, for the King himſelf, if he was never ſo deſirous, can make them no better than they are, I will not yield, in this eſſay, to Montaigne. Though I handle my ſub-

ject in his way, it is my way as much as his. I may create fears, and alarm your apprehenſions, but will never loſe ſight of it entirely. I promiſe you, that you ſhall every now and then have a ſight of the King's friends, and ſometimes meet them, where you leaſt expect to find them; to ſay the truth, it has often come into my head, that there is a great reſemblance between the French and Engliſh Gaſcon, Montaigne and myſelf. I could, and perhaps with equal juſtice, ſay many civil things of myſelf; and could, under that battery, venture to make now and then a diſcovery, that I ſhould be unwilling to hazard, if I became expoſed to my enemy without being well flanked. The misfortune is, the good would not be believed, and the bad would —at leaſt for theſe hundred years. As at that period, my poſterity will be more edified by my labours, if I leave them a hundred acres of my own planting, they muſt take what I tell them for granted, that if I had ſpent my time like him, in rambling

through

through a hundred eſſays, they would have been as illuſtrious by my fame, as Montaigne's deſcendants are by his. This you will readily grant me, that in no one feature the reſemblance is greater than in my vanity.

In addreſſing myſelf ſo familiarly to the greateſt perſonage in the literary world, I have outgaſconed my maſter.

If the ſubject of this eſſay, is of little importance, it does not follow from thence, that nobody will read it; the concluſion is rather in its favour. It is ſufficient, that nobody is obliged to read it, and for that preciſe reaſon it will be read. The only book of importance, the only book of obligation, the Book of Salvation, is ſeldom read, but by thoſe who are payed for reading it, or by thoſe that can hardly read at all, and have no other book to read.

A perfect manuſcript of Virgil's works having been lately diſcovered at Herculaneum, a Roman correſpondent, who collated the Æneis, has communicated to me ſeveral remarkable deviations from the common readings. If you had never ſhewn your powers in any other branch, than that of a philological critic, though I have not the happineſs to be acquainted with you, I ſhould have made uſe of the liberty that men of letters take with one another, of congratulating with you, upon an event ſo intereſting to them. The very ſevere taſk that has been impoſed upon you, and which you have diſcharged with ſuch a vigorous contention of body and ſoul, will make a little amuſement of this nature more acceptable, after ſuch an amazing exertion, eſpecially from a perſon, whoſe ſentiments are in perfect uniſon with the author of Taxation no Tyranny—with a writer---that is not only a very great author---but a very great friend to his King---an author, who, to the confuſion of the King's enemies, has clearly

clearly demonſtrated, that the conſtituent has no power, but what his delegate chuſes to allow him; that the conſtituent does not appoint his delegate; on the contrary, the delegate chuſes his conſtituent: that thoſe that are not his conſtituents, ſhall be his conſtituents virtually; and thoſe that are his conſtituents, ſhall not be his conſtituents virtuouſly: that thoſe great powers in the delegate, are not acquired by any peculiar act of virtue of his own, but by virtue of his own peculiar act, and in virtue thereof, the colonies are virtually repreſented. So there being nothing wanting to complete the proof of his Majeſty's right to puniſh his diſobedient colonies, let us reſt aſſured, that overcome at laſt by the earneſt advice of his faithful friends, and the affectionate entreaties of his ſubjects, he will no longer liſten to his own tender feelings, but determine to draw the ſword of empire, and ſtab rebellion to the heart.

Turne tot Incaſſum Fuſos patiere Labores,
Et tua Damnatis* tranſcribi Sceptra Colonis.
Virgil Æneis, vii. 421.

In the mean time, let us withdraw from a ſcene ſo unſuitable to men of our profeſſion; with entire confidence in the virtue and abilities of thoſe friends whom God, in his goodneſs, has vouchſafed to raiſe up for his Majeſty, to be the inſtruments of our final deliverance from evil counſellors. Theſe kind of liberal diſquiſitions are the fitteſt employment for friends reſigned to the diſpenſations of Providence, for minds happy under a government, that makes all ſolicitude for the public unneceſſary; where there is no defect, no weakneſs, but what ariſes from lenity and indulgence; they too may be ſo much abuſed, that we may live to ſee the day, when ſedition, irreligion, and treaſon, may ſhew themſelves in the ſtreets in numbers, but will not dare to walk out

* The author has changed *Dardanis* into *damnatis*, inſinuating, I ſuppoſe, that the colonies are made up of nought but convicts,

un-

unattended from the preſs. A few wholeſome examples, a favourite leader, a favourite author, a favourite bookſeller, recorded by the ordinary hiſtorian, would effectually do the buſineſs.

——*incluſit Sanguine vitam.*

You muſt, I am confident, from your diſcernment, have found, before I point them out, that the paſſages I am going to mention were defective or corrupted; I give you them in the manner they came to me, without order or method. Some of them, notwithſtanding their impenetrable obſcurity, were the moſt admired paſſages of our author. The firſt is that celebrated one in the ſixth Æneis. There are two lines particularly, at which the reader generally makes a pauſe to collect all the *affettuoſo* he is maſter of, into his accent and expreſſion.

" Heu, miſerande Puer, ſi qua Fata aſpera Rumpas
" Tu Marcellus Eris---manibus date Lilia plenis"
Purpureos Spargam flores Animamque Nepotis
His Saltem accumulem donis------

Here

Here it was, ſays Dr. Trapp, that Octavia fainted away; and well, he adds, ſhe might. The propriety of this extraordinary commotion, will be ſtill more apparent from the Doctor's tranſlation.

> Alas, lamented youth, if any way
> Thou break the doom of unrelenting Fate,

What is to follow then?

> Marcellus thou ſhalt be.

To be Marcellus is to be the reward for his victory over Fate. The encouragement is great, if he knew how to ſet about it. But it ſeems his doom, or as I apprehend it, his ſentence is paſſed and predetermined by Fate; and in that caſe, I *always* thought that it was an article of faith held by all the Doctors of the Pagan church of Rome, that Jupiter himſelf could not reverſe the decrees of Fate; much leſs of Unrelenting Fate. It follows from hence that this ſpectre in the happy fields, has in reality no chance of being Marcellus.

Marcellus thou ſhalt be, upon this expreſs condition, if thou canſt any way break the doom

doom of unrelenting Fate. But thou canſt not any way break the doom of unrelenting Fate; therefore thou ſhalt not be Marcellus. If he is not to be Marcellus, what is he to be? He is to be a lamented youth. And what is this lamented youth to be? What ſignifies what he is to be, as he is to be nothing at all—a *vox*—*& præterea nihil*—This, as Dr. Trapp ſays in his poetical lectures quoted by himſelf, book the fourth of his Æneis, page 258, is an image altogether admirable: and the more ſo, becauſe it is an image purely in idea, not of any corporeal or ſenſible phantaſm; we feel it, and we can no way explain it, but by ſaying we do ſo: but the Doctor forgets that *tangere enim & tangi niſi Corpus nulla poteſt res*—does the profeſſor mean that we can no way explain it, but by ſaying that we do feel it? or does he mean, we can no way explain it, but by ſaying we do explain it? which is a way the lawyers have of explaining difficult caſes, and was very much in faſhion once, but is totally exploded by

one, and in a great meaſure laid aſide even by that univerſity of which the Doctor is an explanatory profeſſor. Here indeed Octavia might well be affected, and her ſpirits be diſordered by this unexpected turn of affairs, to find herſelf undeceived at laſt, and that ſhe had been unaccountably impoſed upon, by an inſenſible incorporeal phantaſm. The poet Dryden has a different way of explaining this matter—his account of the phenomenon makes it a more wonderful and complex *fantaſima* than the profeſſor's phantaſm.

> Ah! couldſt thou break through Fate's ſevere decree,
> A new Marcellus would ariſe in thee.

Ah, would he could! it would be the the greateſt curioſity that ever was heard tell of in this hemiſphere. Fate's inſuperable barrier muſt be broken through by the phantaſm, to make a breach for the new Marcellus, who after that exploit is to ariſe in the aforeſaid unbodied phantom. Ay, but if no breach can be made in this impregnable barrier,

barrier, what is to be done then? Why then if any Marcellus is to ariſe in the phantom, it muſt be old Marcellus.—A reſurrection attended with far worſe conſequences to Octavia,—who muſtthen be with child, muſt have conceived a phantom—and will be brought to bed of a phantom—and at the ſame time muſt be delivered of an old man, that died long before ſhe was born—which is horrible to think of.

It is a melancholy truth, juſtified by many an example beſides, that nothing bids fairer for univerſal reception than nonſenſe: you and I know but too well how long certain truths, as undoubted as the goſpel, have been exploded and hooted, and how greedily the pedantic jargon of the petulant Gordon, and the futile reaſonings of the libertine Locke, have been ſwallowed; but theſe are poiſons that have loſt their deleterious qualities, at leaſt, like arſenick, they are buried in ſhops, and are ſeldom called for, but by evil-minded people.

For an exerciſe to my ſagacity, upon which I pique myſelf more perhaps than a man of ſtrict modeſty ought to do, I had a mind, knowing where the ſhoe pinched, to try whether I could reſtore this paſſage, be-before I would ſee the true reading. Accordingly I hit upon the following emendation. I mention this chiefly, as it may prove a relaxation and entertainment for you, in which you may ſucceed better.

Inſtead of

Si qua fata āſpera rumpas,

I thought it might be

Heu, miſerande puer, prece qua fata aſpera rumpas.

In character with the line above

Heu pietas, heu priſca fides!

What will your piety and ſtrict virtue avail you, what prayer, what ſupplication can change the rigour of Fate? So the ſybil, in the ſame book, checks the preſumptuous entreaties of Palinurus's ſhade.

Deſine fata deum flecti ſperare precando.

This

This was tolerably well aimed, but it would not hit the mark. By the addition of a ſingle ſyllable, every difficulty ceaſes.

Heu, miſerande puer, niſi qua fata aſpera rumpas.
Tu Marcellus eris---miſerande et manibus ipſis.

Inſtead of the old hemiſtick, *manibus date Lilia plenis*---my friend accounts pleaſantly enough for the corruption of the text; he ſays, that in a very old manuſcript, and from the circumſtance he mentions, he believes the oldeſt, till this diſcovery, he finds that hemiſtick preſenting nothing legible, but theſe letters,

a---d---e et manibus ip----is.

And in the margin, is wrote, *manibus date lilia plenis*, which has been adopted by all the manuſcripts ſince.

My correſpondent makes no doubt of its having been the conjecture of ſome grammarian, who finding in the line following, that Anchiſes was calling out for purple flowers, roſes of Elyſium, to regale the noſtrils

noſtrils of his grandſon, with a noſegay, to complete the bouquet, he threw in a few handfuls of lilies, which he gathered from *a—d—e et manibus ip---is.* The undoubted remains of *miſerande et manibus ipſis.* The greateſt grammatiſt of this, or any age, Dr. W——n, could not have picked a prettier poſey out of a heap of rubbiſh.

. Theſe two lines, in a looſe tranſlation, may be thus explained.

Can envious Fate relent? Ah, lovely youth,
Endowed with every virtue, ſtamped by truth,
* Marcellus thou muſt be, vaſt ſource of woe,
Streaming afflictive, to the ſhades below.

I cannot leave you in the Elyſian fields, without informing you of an anecdote to which I am confident you are a ſtranger. The poniard of that aſſaſſin, Churchill, luckily gone to his own place, before he could put his malice in execution, was raiſed to ſtrike the whole party in a mock heroic

* Muſt be ---*eris*--- αναγκη inevitably.

poem.

poem. By the ſpecimen I give you, no matter how I came by it, you will ſee the irreparable loſs they have ſuſtained by his removal to a cure of ſouls in another kingdom. His hero, our incomparable L---d C--- J----, is admitted into hell, and amongſt his numberleſs friends and acquaintance there, he recognizes the laſt princes, and all the eminent partizans, of the houſe of Stewart. There is a great deal more of it, but this will be ſufficient for one doſe.

In his preface, he declares, that he had at firſt made a place on purpoſe for them only; but, like Dante and Michael Angelo, he would keep it open for the reception of particular gueſts; he tells us alſo, that he has prepared another place—an Elyſium, or Paradiſe, for bleſſed fools—where, and where only, there is at laſt a happy coalition of the Whigs and Tories; for it is as impoſſible for a Whig to truſt a Tory, as for a Tory to love a Whig, in the world we are in at preſent.

Littora littoribus contraria - - - - - -
- - - - - - nullus amor populis nec fœdera ſunto.

With regard to yourſelf, I know you will view the manner in which he has held you forth, with philoſophical contempt and Chriſtian pity, the ſame inſenſibility and indifference to his barbarous treatment of thoſe princes, the very worſt of whom, were better than many of his heroes, would be a reproach to your humanity.

I confeſs to you, that I could wiſh our proceedings were more ſimple. I do believe we all mean the ſame thing;

Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium. - - - - - -

but I am a plain-ſailing old-faſhioned man, and cannot bear the thoughts of going north about.

We have two very good charts to go by, if we would ſtick to them; the law and the goſpel—when the Evangeliſts are doubtful, the

the crown lawyers are clear; where the doctors of the gospel will not bend readily, the expounders of the law will.

Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo.

Musæum, ante omnes, medium, nam plurima turba,
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit omnes.

Dicite fœlices animæ, tuque optime vates
Quæ regio Anchisen, quis habet locus? illius ergo
Venimus, et magnos Erebi tranavimus amnes.

You will see how the Satanite has applied this passage.

Treading the dreary waste, with feet unbleſt,
His shoulders mounted high above the rest,
He spied, amidst a crew of perjur'd dead,*
Old Samuel shaking his Coloſſean head.
Filmer before, Sacheverell in his rear,
With unbelieving David,† and Shebeare.

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* The Jacobites, that took the oaths to government.

† *With unbelieving David.*] An Epicurean philoſopher of the north, in whom were united the principles of two ſects, ſeemingly oppoſite, a *Pyrrhoniſt* in *Sceptick* revelation; a Dogmatiſt in tradition; who does not believe God's word, but will take a Tory's word for any thing.

St. John paſs'd by, and Prior laughing loud,
Pointing to Paul,* with Daſhwood in the crowd;
Bolingbroke wheeling ſtopp'd, and with ſurprize,
Cried out, By G--d, I ſcarce can truſt my eyes!
Mat, turn about, as ſure as we are damn'd,
There's M----y kiſſing Dr. Samuel's hand;
How could the quibbling caſuiſt contrive,
To cheat our maſter,† and get here alive?
The reverend chieftain of the law, you'll gueſs,
Had reach'd the ancient *chieftain* of the preſs.
To Samuel, thus, the chief addreſs'd his ſpeech;
Spirit of night, profound didactic leech,
And ye attendants, ſay, you know too well,
Where dwells your King, that ſent you all to hell?

To whom the ſeer replied, with bellowing voice,
Here we have room enough, but little choice;
As upon earth, in this ſequeſter'd vale,
We have no certain dwelling, but a jail.
Thither, at certain periods we repair,
At certain periods, wander here and there.

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* *Paul.*] A poet laureat, of the ſame name, and of the ſame time, with the preſent, but not to the ſame King.

† *Our maſter.*] Some read *his maſter*, but *our maſter* is better, for he was certainly their maſter; whether he was his or no, might be gueſſed by his works, but could only be known by himſelf. It is remarkable, that thoſe who ſeldom ſpeak truth upon earth, are never permitted to lie here. No perſon dare ſpeak affirmatively, but from knowledge. To be obliged to ſpeak truth, muſt be a terrible puniſhment for a *liar*, and to none ſo much as a liar *ex officio*.

'Tis

'Tis neither eaſt, nor weſt, nor north, nor ſouth,
We live as heretofore, from hand to mouth;
M-------d, go on, you have not far to go;
Down in that bottom lies the ſeat of woe.
There you will find the ſovereign of your heart,
Your King, ſtill acting the ſame driveling part.
But, ſays the doctor, with a cynic ſneer,
What do you think of our grand landſcapes here?
I have ſeen juſt ſuch ſcenes, up in your north:
Is not that ſolemn river like your Forth?
The lofty banks of Forth, that ſo delight us,
Are in the taſte of theſe, along Cocytus.
This ſaid, the chief, without the leaſt reply,
Bow'd, and purſu'd his journey with a ſigh.
Joyleſs, he labour'd* through the barren ſand,
Oft ſtroked his wig, and often pinch'd his band,
Arrived, the porter hail'd him with a grin,
The gates flew open, and he enter'd in.

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* *Joyleſs, he laboured, &c.*] As every one is not endowed with the gift of diſcerning, nor with a taſte for reliſhing the delicacy of an allegory, which is the ſoul of an heroic poem, it will not be amiſs, to inform the reader, that this laborious journey to the infernal regions, means no more than the dry ſtudy, and unpleaſant drudgery, of a certain ſcience, which the ſublimeſt genius muſt ſubmit to before he can reach the height of his profeſſion. When he is at the top, and mounted upon his tribunal, he has Hell in full view; for he muſt neceſſarily, like Rhadamanthus, be made acquainted with every crime, and every kind of iniquity, that entitles human nature to be virtually repreſented in that ſenate.

The firſt he fix'd his eyes upon, was Laud;
With pontiff curſes ſwearing, like a bawd:
Leading the martyr Charles through thick and thin,
Scourged for ten thouſand years, and ſcourg'd by Prynn.
Stenny he ſaw, along with daddy James,
Tied back to back, and both impaled in flames.
His other paramours, all in a row,
Were all impaled, up to the waiſt in ſnow.
And further on, continuing his rout,
He ſaw a black and diſmal head peep out;
Out of a boiling cauldron, through the ſmoak
Juſt like the head, out of the royal oak.
Two figures next approach'd, in monkiſh weeds,
Muttering fantaſtic prayers, and dropping beads:
The two laſt James's, walking with bead rolls,
Condemn'd to pray in vain, for all their ſouls,
For ages doom'd, in that devoted pound,
To walk inceſſantly their fooliſh round.
Hook'd by the ribs, on a high gibbet hung,
Kirk, ſtill retaining his audacious tongue.
Cry'd as they paſs'd, 'Tis certain, tho' 'tis hard,
The prayers of fools can never fly a yard;
Nothing can ever make ſuch blockheads wiſe:
How do you think that your's can mount the ſkies?
Arm'd with credentials from the cocoa tree
Down dropt the chief, upon his bended knee:
Father and ſon, both ey'd him with diſmay,
Both of them croſs'd themſelves, and walk'd away.

A dreadful cave now ſtruck his ſoul with awe,
Here were the baleful caverns of the law:
Blue light'nings iſſued forth, and from within,
His ears were harrow'd, with terrific din,

Chains,

Chains, laſhes, creaking wheels, and crackling bones,
Yells, horrid ſhrieks, and everlaſting groans!
Before the entrance, two grim monſters lay;
With many monſter cubs in ſnarling play,
Chicane the dam; and Rapine was their ſire;
Their mouths foam'd black, their eyes were balls of fire:
Hell-hounds, the likeſt to a wolf in make,
A lion's paw, their tail a hooded ſnake. *
The chief moved forward, till advancing nigh
Briſtling they rouſed, and gave a hideous cry,
His ſtaff diſclos'd, he waved with awful nod,
Jaw-lock'd they gaz'd upon the golden rod:
Loud thunder ſhook the adamantine jail,
The whole pack crouch'd, and Rapine wagg'd his tail.

--------- Cætera non deſiderantur.

To come back to our critical entertainment. The next ſtep my friend takes, is into the fourth book, where Dido ſends her ſiſter to Æneas, to endeavour, by her perſuaſion and addreſs, to prevail upon him to put off his departure.

I ſoror atque hoſtem ſupplex affare ſuperbum,
Tempus inane peto, requiem ſpatiumque furori
Dum mea me victam doceat Fortuna dolere,
Extremam hanc oro veniam, miſerere ſororis
"Quam mihi cum dederit cumulatum morte remittam.

---

* The Cobro Capello, or Coiffed head, the moſt deadly of all ſerpents.

Ruceus

Ruceus ſaith, this laſt verſe is the moſt difficult line in all Virgil, and he has been at great pains to make it the moſt nonſenſical. The profeſſor, on account of the various readings and expoſitions of it, ſome he ſays with very *meagre* ſenſe, and ſome with none at all, is compleatly ſatisfied with a mouthful that Ruceus has helped him to; and declares it is not only good ſenſe, but pathetical.

You ſhall ſee how eaſily the Doctor is ſatisfied.

All I beg
Is but a ſoothing interval, ſome reſt
And reſpite to my paſſion, 'till my fate
Shall to misfortune reconcile my ſoul,
Subdu'd by grief, and teach me how to mourn.

Well; and when ſhe has got this ſoothing interval, and ſome reſt, and has reconciled her ſoul to misfortune, and has ſubdued her grief, and has been let into the ſecret of mourning, which is a ſcience, and is to be learnt only from thoſe who have been taught

taught to mourn when their grief is ſubdued, what is ſhe to do then? Why truly ſhe is ſo much obliged to her ſiſter for the pains ſhe has taken with her lover, that to ſhew her gratitude to them both, and more particularly for his ſatisfaction, ſhe will put herſelf to death.

Pity thy ſiſter, this laſt boon I crave;
This let him grant, I'll then diſmiſs him free,
And crown his ſatisfaction with my death.

Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy.

This laſt argument, concerning death, could not fail of operating; it muſt touch her moſt affectionate ſiſter, princeſs Anne, to the quick, if ſhe had as much natural affection about her as her name-ſake who was not in that reſpect to be compared with Burnet's bleſſed ſaint her ſiſter,

Read

Quam mihi cum dederit mulctandam mort remittam.

See book the 11th, ver. 839.

Proſpexit triſti multatem morte comittam.

Let

Let him grant this requeſt—I will ſpare him the confuſion he muſt feel, for being the author of all my misfortunes; and finally, at my death, which is reſolved and inevitable if he does not; if he does, *remittam mulctandam morte*, I will abſolve the devoted victim.

In the ſame fourth book, Dido, in the tumult of paſſion, apoſtrophizes her ſiſter in theſe moving lines.

Tu lachrymis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
His germana malis oneras atque objicis hoſti
Non licuit thalami expertem ſine crimine vitam
Degere more feræ tales nec tangere curas
Non ſervata fides cineri promiſſa Sichæo.

Degere more feræ, is to live like a beaſt; and all the tranſlators agree, that if ſhe had behaved properly, ſhe might have lived like one. According to the profeſſor, ſhe had nobody to blame but herſelf; for ſhe might, with all the eaſe and comfort imaginable, have lived like a brute, in compleat freedom; roaming about and taking her diverſion, without being accountable to any body

body for her conduct, distributing her bounty without favour or affection, if she had only had sense enough to have kept herself out of the nuptial bed.

---------- Could I not have lived
Free like the savages, without a crime,
Free from the nuptial bed.---------

Ay, indeed, and a crime it was, to marry, when she might have lived like a savage without a crime.

The professor says, that to some people, free like the savages sounds rather harsh. Those people I am sure are no Whigs, I rather suspect they must be the King's friends; but continues he, it is said without reason: because he declares, and it would be ungenerous not to believe him, that he does not see any. Especially, continues he, considering that the Queen whilst she says so is really little better than mad, if not wild; by which we are also given to understand that being mad, is a little better than being wild.

Now if the queen was really to talk in this looſe manner, we muſt conclude with her doctor, that his royal patient laboured under the ſame grievous ſpecies of phrenzy, with which a princeſs equally famous in poetry, as the poetry profeſſor could not but know, was terribly afflicted, her imperial majeſty Meſſalina.

I was in hopes that out of two conjectures of my own, one of them would turn out the true reading. Inſtead of *degere more feræ*, why not *degere amore feræ*, that is *feræ præ amore*. *Non licuit feræ præ amore?* Though diſtracted with love could not I have lived innocently? And ſhould, if you had not encouraged my paſſion, have remained guiltleſs. Did not you laugh at my vows to my departed Lord? *Id cinerem aut manes credis curare ſepultos?* The other was inſtead of *more feræ morigeræ: non licuit morigeræ?* Who can I ſo properly charge with my ruin as yourſelf, who ought to have been my faithful director? I that was ever your obſequious ſiſter, and willing

willing to rely upon you as my ſureſt guide; as in Terence, *tibi morigera fui in rebus omnibus*, but I was as unfortunate in my gueſs as when I took a guinea from a Jew of a bookſeller to return him twenty, which was to be repaid in paper currency, whenever you wrote any thing diſreſpectfully of Scotland. I ſpeculated upon your obligations to the uſurer *, or rather to his friend, however my ſpeculation coſt me a pamphlet and ſeveral ſtrictures in the daily papers, in defence of literary property. Thanks to the death of a diſtant relation without a will, I am in poſſeſſion of a decent landed

* The editor thinks this is a miſtake, he knows of no uſurer at court; and if there was any ſuch perſon, he would certainly give nothing away out of his own family, or without a valuable conſideration. An exchange of principles, or of ---------- would hardly be deemed one by a uſurer, which was all he could get by the doctor: it is therefore the editor's opinion, that the letter P is wanting, a cant term, much in uſe at the Cocoa Tree in the late King's time. Whenever they drank the King's health upon their knees, a caratative addition to the health, like the Italian; *Eb Viva!*

fortune, and will be no longer the drudge of a bookſeller.

You muſt abſolutely alter the text of your Virgil, *degere more Reæ*, and in the next line, inſtead of *ſervata*, and of ending with a cold pauſe, you muſt write *ſervanda* and conclude with an Interrogation.

Non ſervanda fides cineri promiſſa Sichæo?

She was *Rea voli*, bound by an oath to Sichæus to live in perpetual chaſtity, and might well aſk the queſtion above in her paſſionate apoſtrophe.

Men of taſte and delicate ſenſations, like you, are never weary of returning to the ſixth book of Virgil; Dr. W———n takes great delight in ſauntering about there; it is his favourite walk. It is with particular pleaſure that I preſent you with the golden bough which was indeed a golden key to Æneas, that opened his paſſage through the greateſt obſtacles to the ſeat of happineſs, to the preſence-chamber devoted to kings and

and heroes, and to ſuch deſerving miniſters as are only to be found here and there.

Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.

That is, who gave them a token to remember them by, that is the true meaning of *merendo*, and the true buſineſs of a meritorious miniſter; nor are the clergy left out, provided they live ſingle all their lives.

Quique ſacerdotes caſti dum vita manebat.

The ſeductive power of gold was never ſhewn ſo forcibly. Æneas, in ſearch of this *paſſe-par-tout* or maſter key, was told that if the fates were favourable to his deſign, it would yield the branch to the firſt attempt he made to ſeparate it from the tree; intimating thereby, that if you are born to be powerful and rich, fortune of her own accord will furniſh you with the propereſt means, without your giving yourſelf any other trouble than that of—refuſing none that ſhe offers.

Namque

Namque ipſe volens faciliſque ſequetur
Si te Fata vocant.------

He had a call, and as he was far from being ſcrupulous about the means that were propoſed to him by fortune, as neceſſary ſteps to his object, he could meet with no difficulties the moment he was permitted to touch the golden prize.

Corripit Æneas Aviduſque, [*how pictureſque*] refringit
Cunctantem.-- ---------

But *cunctantem* can never be; the profeſſor is aware of this, and would gladly notwithſtanding have him meet with a little reſiſtance to enhance perhaps its value; for I know no other reaſon for his believing that Virgil wrote *cunctantem*. The ſybil indeed, ſays he, had told him it ſhould eaſily and willingly be cropped, if he were favoured by the deſtinies; it is anſwered, that being of a tough and metallic nature it might cauſe ſome little delay, and that little delay, to the impatience and eagerneſs of Æneas, might ſeem great. I do not think the doctor is favoured by the deſtinies in his

his anſwer---though I agree, that in many caſes of concupiſcence, a little delay to eagerneſs and impatience may ſeem great---as in the caſe of an acknowledgement from the treaſury paid quarterly. Being of a tough metallic nature, it perhaps would cauſe a little delay, and that little delay, to people in the circumſtances the profeſſor mentions, might ſeem great. In the caſe of Æneas---let the nature of the bough be what it would, it was to come away with eaſe---Read *undantem*---agreeing admirably with the facility of the capture announced by the ſybil, and with the gentle breeze that cauſed the Æolian twang of the metallic branch.

Sic leni crepitabat bractea vento.

Waving and dropping ſpontaneouſly into his hand, with as much eaſe as every golden bribe ought to do, in ſpite of Dr. Trapp's principle of metallic reſiſtance.

Having done for the preſent with the ſixth book, we will juſt take a ſtep into the ſeventh, v. 249.

Talibus

Talibus Ilionei dictis, defixa Latinus
Obtutu tenet ora, ſoloque immobilis hæret
Intentos volvens oculos, nec purpura regem
Picta movet, nec ſceptra movent Priameia tantum
Quantum in connubio natæ thalamoque moratur.

———————Nor does ſo much
The Priameian ſceptre, nor the robes
Of broidered purple, move his kingly mind:
More on his daughter's nuptials he employs
His deepeſt meditations———————

This embroidery upon purple, and Priam's regal cane, did move his kingly mind, but not quite ſo much, it ſeems, as his cares about his daughter's wedding. If his deepeſt meditations were employed about fine cloaths and royal accoutrements, though they were his deepeſt meditations, I will anſwer for them they were not very profound. A profeſſor, and a doctor of divinity, ought to be better acquainted with the meditations of a religious king; they ſeldom converſe with any other; at leaſt, Virgil was; and that his was a virtuous and pious King, appears, by his conſulting whenever he was monſtrouſly alarmed, and putting his whole truſt and belief in the oracles

oracles of his father, who was a wiſe prince, and a great ſoothſayer.

At rex ſollicitus monſtris oracula Fauni
Fati dici genitoris adit———————

You muſt read, paſt all doubt,

———————Nec purpura regem
Picta movet nec ſceptra movent Priameia ſanctum,

inſtead of *tantum*.

So far from making theſe baubles objects of his deepeſt meditations, he did not deign to look upon them; his eyes were nailed to the ground, engaged---ſolely----*tantum*---in deep meditation, ruminating upon his family concerns, and repeating to himſelf the leſſons of his father's oracles.

Therefore, for *quantum*, read

Tantum in connubio natæ thalamoque moratur
Et veteres Fauni, volvit ſub pectore ſortem.

As we have not far to go for it, it is in the ſame book, I will divert you with one more example from our ſagacious tranſlator,

of his ſkill in confounding the plaineſt meaning that was ever uttered by common ſenſe.

——————Locus Ardea quondam
Dictus avis---et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen
Sed fortuna fuit---Tectis hic Turnus in altis
Jam mediam nigra carpebat nocte quietem.

Be it remembered, that ſome books have *ardua*, and thereupon the doctor, in his tranſlation, goes to work as follows.

The place was by the ancient fathers Ardua called,
And Ardea now the illuſtrious name remains.

If one might be permitted to aſk the queſtion, I ſhould be glad to know the profeſſor's authority for aſſuring the world, that the ancient fathers called it *Ardua*; and likewiſe his reaſons for thinking *Ardea* a more illuſtrious name than *Ardua*. If the ancient fathers thought proper to call it *Ardua*, it was wrong in the profeſſor to ſay ſo, whatever he might think; for it is all his own invention: Virgil never ſaid any ſuch thing; he, and his friend the Jeſuit Ruæus, refers --*Sed Fortuna fuit*, to Turnus's being at that time aſleep in his own palace.

Here

Here in the lofty palace Turnus ſlept,
Such was his chance in gloomy dead of night.

Sed fortuna fuit---that is, according to them---he was aſleep there; but it was a chance--The deuce it was--Where ſhould he ſleep at the gloomy dead of night, but in his own bed? A malicious Jeſuit might go out of his way by a forced conſtruction to defame the character of a modeſt and ſober young King---but when the profeſſor talks of Turnus's being aſleep at the dead of night, by mere chance in his own bed---I muſt believe, that the profeſſor was not awake in his own chair; and in this ſtate he was, I am convinced, ſuch was his chance, when he dreamed about the ancient fathers, who reſembled the primitve inhabitants, in nothing but loving fiſh, for *Ichnophogous*, they moſt certainly were, as all birds of that feather are. It was called *Ardea*, on account of its being built in the ſite of a Heronry---from *Ardea* the bird *Heron*. The name of the city remains, ſays Virgil,

Sed

Sed fortuna fuit,

But it is all over with it---its ſhort-lived glory is paſt.

Fuimus Troes fuit Ilium et Ingens
Gloria Teucrorum———

This is what we muſt all come to---it will be all over with us---You that both have, and are yourſelf, a *Bonum Magnum*, will be no more than a *Magnum Nomen*, like *Ardea*.

This epitaph will do for you, and for us all.

Nothing now remains of us,
Samuel *Fuit*----*Fuimus*.

Such is the fate of ſublunary things,
Of Kings, and capitals, the ſeats of Kings,
So Herren-Hauſen once the boaſt of fame,
Now boaſts of nought but its harmonious name.
Liſt to my prophecy---there's not a Jew,
Amongſt the Prophets---prophecies ſo true.
" London, thy pride ſhall have a fall like theirs,
" When the King's foes ſhall kick his friends down ſtairs."

THE END.